

APRIL 1938

PRICE 10 CENTS



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



AYRSHIRE CATTLE IN PLEASING POSE

**THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
and THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION
SOCIETY ~**

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

Advertising Specialties

in

Metal, Leather, and

Celluloid

Indoor Signs, Name Plates

Convention Badges and

Emblems

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Keep Your Dogs
free
FROM WORMS
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET No. 652



NEMA
WORM CAPSULES

EFFECTIVELY REMOVE LARGE
ROUNDWORMS AND HOOKWORMS IN DOGS OF
ALL BREEDS AND AGES. SAFE, DEPENDABLE

Nema Booklet tells you about worms
Address Desk N-58-D Animal Industry Dept.
PARKE, DAVIS & CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Drug Stores Sell Parke-Davis Products

NEW HUMANE POSTER FOR 1938

10c. each; 3 for 25c.; 8 for 50c.; 20 for \$1.00

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

JANE DARLING—

How can I ever thank you enough for
suggesting Cuticura Soap and Ointment
for my blackheads and coarse pores.
These beauty-robbing faults don't last
long once Cuticura gets to work. The
whole family uses it now. Always, Mary.
Soap 25¢. Ointment 25¢. FREE sample.
Write "Cuticura", Dept. 42, Malden, Mass.

THIS SPACE
CONTRIBUTED

Since 1832
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.
Undertakers
BOSTON—BROOKLINE—CAMBRIDGE
City and Out-of-Town Service

Humane Literature and Band of Mercy Supplies for Be Kind to Animals Week, April 25-30 and Humane Sunday, April 24, 1938

For Sale at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., at these prices, postpaid.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets

Our Dumb Animals, 1937, bound volume \$1.00
Colored Posters, 17 x 23 inches, with
attractive pictures and verses, six in
the set 1.00
Be Kind to Animals Blotters, 6 1/4 x 3 3/8 \$0.50 per 100

About the Horse

Black Beauty (English), cloth, \$1.00 and 50 cts.
What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley \$0.30 per 100
The Horse—Treatment of Sores, etc. .60 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5 .50 " "
The Horse's Prayer .30 " "
The Bell of Atri, poem by Longfellow. .50 " "

About the Dog

Beautiful Joe, new, illus., \$1.50 small, 50 cts.
Distemper in Dogs, Dr. Schneider Free
Rabies vs. Running Fits, Dr. Schneider Free
Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card. \$1.00 per 100
The Dog—Its Care in Health and Disease .60 " "
Feeding the Dog and the Cat, Dr. Schneider 2.00 " "
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 4 .50 " "
What the Chained Dog Says .50 " "
The Story of Barry .30 " "
Road Accidents to Dogs, 4 pp. Free
Boots' Day, play, for two boys and three girls 3 cts. each, five for 10 cts.

About the Bird

The Birds of God, 318 pp., illus. cloth, \$0.45
Trial of the Birds, play, 3 cts. ea.; 12 for 25 cts. \$2.00 per 100
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2 .50 " "
How the Birds Help the Farmer .50 " "
The Air-gun and the Birds .50 " "

About the Cat

The Cat—Its Care in Health and Disease \$0.60 per 100
Surplus Cats .50 " "
The Cat in Literature .50 " "
Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve .50 " "
Mollie Whitefoot's Vacation .50 " "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 6 cts. doz. .50 " "

About Other Animals

Prince Rudolf's Quest, Kenniston, 150 pp., special boards, 50 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 30 cts. paper, 7 cts.
Michael Brother of Jerry, Jack London, cloth, 75 cts.
The Great Cruelty Again, Dr. Rowley Free
First Aid to Animals, Dr. Schneider, 8 pp. \$1.00 per 100
Gripped in the Teeth of Steel, 2 pp. 1.00 " "
How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp. 1.00 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, Animals .50 " "
Ways of Kindness .50 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 7, Farm Animals .50 " "

The Jack London Club

What is the Jack London Club? .30 per 100
Foreword from "Michael Brother of Jerry" .30 " "
Films, Fakes and Facts, Helen Trevelyan, 4 pp. .50 " "

Do Wild Animals Prefer Captivity? Helen Trevelyan, 4 pp. \$0.50 per 100
Trained Animals—Cruelty Disguised, Helen Trevelyan, 4 pp. .50 " "

Humane Education

Humane Education, An Activity of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, by Dr. Francis H. Rowley Free
The Relation of the Home to Character Formation, Dr. Francis H. Rowley Free
The Humane Bulletin, for use in schools, 96 pp., 12 cents each; ten for \$1.00
Care and Kindness for Our Animal Friends, 29 pp., paper covers, many illus., 15 cents each; seven for \$1.00
Kindness Picture Book, 32 pp., 15 cts.; seven for \$1.00
The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education, 32 pp., 10 cts. each, 10 cts.
An Early Start to Kindness, Lucia F. Gilbert, 48 pp. For first and second grades, 10 cts. each, 10 cts.
"Be Kind to Animals" pennants, 25 cts. each, 25 cts.
The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, cloth, 35 cts.; paper, 15 cts.
Friends and Helpers (selections for school use) Sarah J. Eddy, cloth, \$1.00
Lessons on Kindness to Animals \$3.00 per 100
The B-K-T-A-Club, play, 3 cts. each; ten for 25c.
Fred Changes His Mind, play, 5 cts. each; six for 25c.
"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," play 3 cts. each; ten for 25 cts.
Friends of Fur and Feather, play 3 cts. each; ten for 25 cts.
Humane Exercises 3 cts. each; ten for 25 cts.
Humane Education the Vital Need, Dr. Rowley, short radio address, 2 cts. each; 75 " "
Humane Education, What to Teach and How to Teach it .50 " "
Outlines of Study in Humane Education 1.50 " "
Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty .50 " "
A Talk with the Teacher .50 " "
Our Love for Animals, a short radio address 2 cts. each; 1.00 " "
The Coming Education .30 " "
Bookmark, with "A Humane Prayer" 1.00 " "
A Great Prophecy, Dr. Rowley Free

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles—Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A. \$1.00 per 100
Buttons—white star on blue ground with gilt letters and border, one cent each 1.00 " "
Badges, gold finish, large, 10 cts. small 5 cts.
"Band of Mercy" Pennant 35 cts.
Songs of Happy Life, with music, S. J. Eddy 50 cts.
Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only) \$3.00 per 100
Band of Mercy Membership Card .50 " "
How to Form Bands of Mercy .50 " "
Does it Pay, Story of one Band of Mercy .30 " "

Please enclose remittance with orders for less than \$1

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Make applications at once for reservations for our two Humane Films for

HUMANE SUNDAY, April 24, 1938

and

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 25-30

"THE BELL OF ATRI," illustrating Longfellow's poem, one reel

and

"IN BEHALF OF ANIMALS," showing work of the Mass.

S. P. C. A. and its Animal Hospital, two reels

Both available in 16 and 35 mm. Rentals reduced. Address

SECRETARY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919
Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 71

April, 1938

No. 4

The Shanghai S. P. C. A. is still able to issue its attractive magazine, which we recently received, and says that they are continuing to carry on their work gathering up lost and stray animals and helping such as have been abandoned by their owners.

The *Dog's Bulletin*, issued by the National Defence League, London, England, says that the Bill giving the right of appeal for dogs sentenced to death will almost certainly pass this year. It seems that frequently there have been magistrates who have condemned to a speedy death some dog for a more or less trivial offense when the owner has had no chance to save him from immediate destruction.

If you were to bring a cat into England it would have to submit to a six months' stay in a quarantine kennel to be sure it brought no danger of rabies with it.

In the interest of the dogs or puppies whose owners have had little or no experience in the care and feeding of them, we will gladly send, upon application, our leaflet upon these subjects, without charge.

Our congratulations to the Royal S. P. C. A., London, England, upon its extraordinarily attractive new issue of its official magazine known as *The Animal World*. It must hereafter rank as one of the finest of its kind published anywhere.

*Earth is sick,
And Heaven weary, of the hollow words
Which states and kingdoms utter when they
talk
Of truth and justice.*

WORDSWORTH in "Excursion, V"

He shoots higher who threatens the moon
than he that aims at a tree.

GEORGE HERBERT

For the Animals after Death, What?

NO man knows. But over and over again the question has been asked and will continue to be asked. Can one who has known the devotion, the loyalty, the intimate and understanding companionship of a dog or the faithfulness of a greatly loved horse say farewell to one of these long cherished companions and not wonder if for them death ends all?

That there is something in the creatures below us that death does not end has been the conviction of not a few of the world's great and good and wise. Such names as Luther, Wesley, Cowper, Southey, Shelley, Keble, Kingsley, Dean Stanley, and Agassiz occur to one as among this number; even Plato is included in them. Even to Darwin it was an "intolerable thought" that these creatures with all their capacity for devotion, loyalty, and suffering would suffer total annihilation at death.

It is incredible to many that anything so akin to the love that is at the heart of the universe, can be blotted out. It is a part of the things that are best, and that ought to persist. It is not blind, selfish allegiance. Again and again it is characterized by an intelligence almost human and an intuition that fairly startles.

The man or woman who has never associated intimately with these lowly friends will not understand it—cannot understand it. Dogs and horses no more than children open their hearts to those who do not love them. It is love with them as with us that is the key that admits us to the hidden shrine.

Whatever our attitude may be with regard to the question of the future, for at least the higher forms of animal life, we must frankly say, in face of the misery, agony, the unrequited, patient toil, that make up so much of the lives of our lowlier fellow-creatures, that unless we could cherish the hope that somewhere, somehow,

there was for these our humble brethren in the universal kinship of life, an evening of the scales that deal with the great realities of right and wrong, our moral nature could never be at peace.

What Shall We Do with Our Pigeons?

IN many cities both in this country and in Europe the pigeons, or doves, if we choose to call them so, have proved an attraction. Children, and the public in general, have found pleasure in watching and feeding them. But, multiplying so rapidly, they have also proved a serious nuisance, defiling buildings and leaving unpleasant traces of their presence on public squares. In Boston alone hundreds of dollars have been spent in wiring them away from places where they persisted in nesting and roosting. This has been necessary at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

Sometimes property owners have been compelled to trap them by means of large box-traps and humanely put them to sleep. Though it is against the law to shoot them or kill them as game, people have felt they had the right to protect their property from damage. Springfield, Massachusetts, has been compelled to resort to this plan to rid itself of a situation which has aroused a great deal of public protest against the damage done by the birds. No matter how humane one is, he is compelled to recognize the really serious problem that pigeons are presenting in practically all our large cities.

Animal Life, the magazine of the Toronto Humane Society, tells us that a fine of \$100 or a month's imprisonment is the penalty for any trainer at the Royal Winter Fair who is convicted of "gingering" a horse. The writer continues, "No true horse lover would resort either to 'gingering' or doping."

The White Fox

MARY WILDER PEASE

*You wore your lovely camouflage of white
That Nature gave you lest your dark coat
show
Too plainly, on the drifted fields of snow.
You sped across the shadowed paths of
night
And matched your wit with every waiting
foe
Save one, whose treachery you could not
know.
No wind could tell you that a thing with
jaws,
Set cunningly to trap your hapless form,
Was buried deeply where an icy storm
Had made a pitfall for your questing paws.
No instinct checked you at the frozen
sedge,
No white owl warned you from the wood-
land's edge.*

*Oh! Death be merciful, since thoughtless
man
Breaks laws the wild has kept since earth
began.*

The Pocket Gopher—Friend or Foe?

W. J. BANKS

THE farmer of the northwestern prairie lands regards the gopher as a destructive pest. Few can be found who will say a good word for this busy little burrower who takes toll of the grain crops. In most districts small bounties are paid for gopher tails and school children are encouraged to make a little pocket money by hunting with gun, trap and dogs the ever-present members of the Geomyidae family. Yet naturalists are wondering if the western farmers do not owe the fertility of their fields entirely to the ceaseless labors of the gopher people.

In most parts of the world the earthworm is credited with mixing decayed vegetable matter with the upper formation of the soil, thus creating the dark loam or humus which makes possible the life of civilized man. But early visitors to the prairies of the northern states and Canadian provinces found that earthworms were not indigenous to those regions. Yet the humus was there, only requiring sufficient rainfall to produce crops of amazing abundance. Many expert observers, including Ernest Thompson Seton and other naturalists, have concluded that the gophers are the earthworms of the prairies, literally "turning over" the surface of the country once in two years.

The small-eared, short-legged gophers resemble both the ground squirrels and the rats, leading a mole-like existence in a maze of underground tunnels, but appearing frequently early and late in the day. The typical pocket in the cheeks of the so-called pocket gophers is to hold food, not to carry dirt as some have supposed. This they shove from their excavations with head and forefeet. Thousands of millions of tons of the silt carried by the Mississippi and other western rivers have been started on their journey as debris from the underground workshops of the gopher people.



THIS ARKANSAS OPOSSUM MEETS HIS FATE IN THE CRUEL STEEL TRAP

"Shoot with a Camera"

L. D. CHAPMAN

I WONDER how many of the hunters who annually flock to the woods, where they wage a merciless slaughter on all wild life, ever consider using a camera instead of a gun, displacing bullets with film.

It is an undoubted fact that the average hunter will get far more lasting enjoyment from a good action picture of some wild animal than he will by killing it. Any novice, if he has a fairly steady hand, good eye, and is equipped with a gun, can easily get within shooting range of the average denizen of the woods. It takes a real sportsman, however, to get within camera range and secure a good action photo of the wild animal in his natural habitation.

To me, at least, when I sit dreaming of some past hunt, a good action picture is far more satisfying than thoughts of the animal lying dead or wounded in some thicket.

On the most successful hunting trip of my life, I never fired a shot. In fact, I didn't even have a gun with me. When I returned I had good action pictures of several elk, deer and bear, besides innumerable pictures of smaller animals and birds. With those pictures, it was possible for me to relive again the thrilling days of the hunt. If I had killed the animals, all that I would have had, would have been memories of the animals in their dead or dying condition.

In taking pictures of wild life, one requires, above all else, an unlimited amount of patience. I once worked two weeks to secure a photo of a large buck. The deer was in the habit of coming out in a field every morning. I tried to get close enough for a shot but it seemed to be impossible. At last I placed a large block of salt close to a clump of bushes, taking care to place it so the sun would be right for a shot early in the morning.

After waiting a few days until the buck had located the salt and was licking it every morning, I proceeded to try a shot at him. Going to the clump of bushes before daylight, I settled myself to await friend buck.

It is far more fun than shooting them with bullets. At one time, I had several hundred photos but I lost them all in a fire. Someday, however, I expect to have an even larger and better collection. For me, it's the only way to hunt.

Birds and the Law

VIOLA F. RICHARDS

SCATTERED all over Massachusetts are boys and their parents who are ignorant of the laws designed to protect insectivorous and song birds; people who have never been instructed as to the value of these birds from an economic standpoint, and whose minds have never been awakened to esthetic values. I refer, particularly, to the foreign-born population whose educational privileges have been limited; but it is not they alone who need instruction.

After listening to a most interesting bird-talk given to a large group of school children, I asked the speaker why he did not mention the laws governing the protection of bird-life. He replied that the desirability of protection must be taught, instead of bringing in the subject of law enforcement.

Very good! We all approve of educating away from a desire, or willingness, to destroy the birds. However, while this process of education is going on, should we not spread the knowledge that there are laws against the destruction of bird-life, and penalties attached to the breaking of these laws, and then help enforce the laws by reporting every case that comes to our attention? This will aid in the education of the general public, which, unfortunately, sometimes requires an element of fear to make the desired impression.

No youngster under fifteen years of age has a legal right to possess "any firearm, air-gun, or other dangerous weapon, or ammunition therefor." And anyone over fifteen must have a license to do so. Therefore, is it not the duty of all who know the laws of the state, and of humanity, to do their utmost to prevent the breaking of these laws?

I had the camera on its tripod and focused on the block of salt.

Presently the deer came strolling out of the woods and made his way slowly toward the salt. After a time he reached it and commenced licking it. I took a look at him in the viewfinder. It was a perfect picture. A shrill whistle, and the deer poised to run. Head and tail up, one foot raised ready to spring. I clicked the shutter, and there secured the most perfect action picture I ever saw.

All wild animals can be captured in the same way, by using a little bait and a whole lot of patience.

Rolling in Happiness

ELIZABETH BECK

*I'm rolling in happiness! Spring's in the land,
And my old apple orchard is much in demand.*

*The rush season finds me without a regret,
I have plenty to sell and plenty to let.
They are choosing their sites, and beginning to build;*

With the joy of right living the orchard is filled.

And yet, not a tree do the builders chop down;

They love every twig in this thriving new town.

Such homes as they fashion, so cunning and dear!

Though never the sound of a hammer you hear.

To burden with mortgage is not in my creed;

I pocket a ditty, and hand out a deed.

*I also rent houses. My agent, the breeze,
He broadcasts my promise my tenants to please.*

*They're pretty to look at and practical, too,
So comfy and cozy, so cheerful of hue.*

Here's blue for the robin, here's pink for the wren;

And if they grow shabby, I'll paint them again.

I guard against robbers, on upkeep I'm strong;

No troublesome leases, the rent—just a song.

*Large families rank in my highest regard;
For my favorite slogan is "CHILDREN NOT BARRED."*

*Oh, I am so rich in this orchard of mine!
I'm rolling in happiness! Business is fine!*

The Quail's Appetite

We are frequently reminded of the great service quails are to the farmers, in destroying harmful insects. Now, an investigator testifies that a healthy quail will eat 6,000,000 weed seeds and 75,000 bugs every year to satisfy its hunger. It has been proved that he eats 150 different kinds of insects. There ought to be no "open season" for killing bobwhite. He is a most desirable citizen.

The Bird Restaurant

NIXON WATERMAN

MORE than three and a half centuries ago John Heywood observed "Better one byrde in hand than ten in the wood." A century later Cervantes plagiarized the idea and stated it more succinctly: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Let us paraphrase the thought and say, "A bird at the window-shelf restaurant just outside the window is worth several at a distance where they and their ways cannot be studied to nearly the same pleasant advantage."

Hunger, the primal, elemental urge of all living things of the animal world, is the inherent means that can best be employed in taming the birds. Some one has said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. That is the way to a bird's friendliness as well. It is a pleasing picture that John Howard Payne paints:

*"An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;*

*The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all."*

But could one enjoy that peace of mind if he felt there were hungry birds just outside his window, craving a breakfast?

And why did the birds come at his call? Because he had fed them. It was their little crops, not their hearts that responded to his invitation to come and be fed. Keepers of bird restaurants know only too well that birds will come to a restaurant, some of them at any season of the year, where they can get ready-prepared if not ready-cooked food. Bugs and worms in the garden may be disturbingly numerous yet will the birds patronize a restaurant where they can find a ready-made breakfast. Not that they are loafers, by any means. Longfellow tells us in his beautiful way, "There are no birds in last year's nests." If birds were lazy would they go about it every spring building brand new homes when all about are last year's nests which with a little touching up and refurbishing could be made to serve their purposes? And even if they are

birds that prefer to live in man-made houses, they will not move in in the spring until the premises have been thoroughly renovated and with fresh paint and wall-paper have been made to look like new.

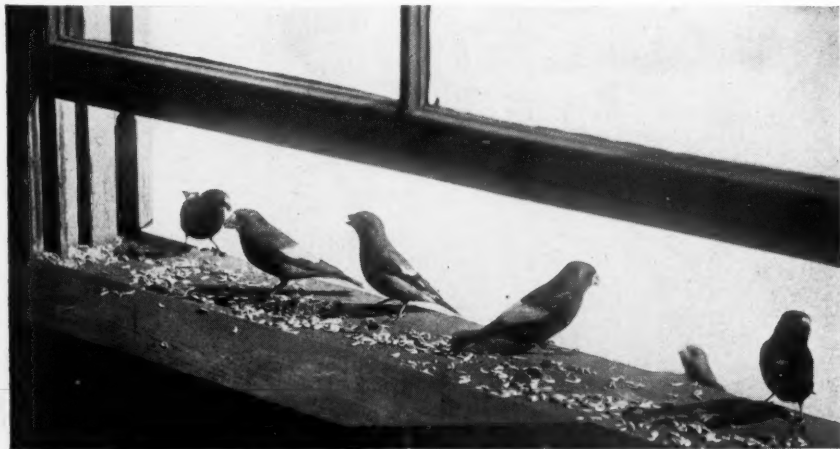
A thoughtless person who has never made an intensive study of the subject does not visualize how hard it is at times for birds to secure the kind of food they require. Drouth and rain in the summer and especially snow and ice in the winter often make it pretty difficult for birds to find food on which to subsist. In times of stress, what a joy it must be for a hungry bird to find the wherewithal to satisfy its hunger! If every person who is inconsiderate of the needs of birds were to spend some foodless days in the cold, ice-covered fields and woods, what a warming up toward the feathered creatures there would be on the part of humans!

There are some birds that will come to a restaurant only in bad weather. It is when "trees and shrubs and grass seem wrought in glass," that the shy birds come to the window restaurants. They are at first hesitant and apologetic in their manner as though saying:

"Everything is awfully cold and barren out there in the woods and fields. Everything is sealed up out of sight and reach and it is just all one's life is worth to try to pick up a living. So, if you will please give us just a little handout, until weather conditions are better, we promise you that next spring we will, as usual, repay you for it many times over by ridding your crops of insect pests of all kinds." And then how gladly is the food given!

But with the joy that comes of the close study of the song sparrows, chipping sparrows, chickadees, nuthatches, woodpeckers, catbirds, purple finches, blue jays, chewinks and others of the feathered families, comes also the realization of the fact that birds are not nearly so angelic in their behavior toward one another as they who see them only in books may think. They are really disturbingly human in their loves and passions, friendships and hatreds, likes and dislikes. There are some beautiful lines that tell us: "Birds in their little nests agree." It may be that they agree in their nests fairly well, knowing what a calamity a "falling out" might prove. But at the restaurant table their manners are anything but exemplary. The way in which most of them try to get and to keep all the food in sight is truly distressing. Even the members of the same family will sometimes contend with each other to see which will get the better of it. Besides calling, in their own bird language, the unkindest names to which they can lay their tongues, they even lay hands, or at least beaks and wings on one another. Someone has sighed: "If animals could only speak!" Bird restaurant proprietors who watch and hear their goings on at table, are glad that their mute thoughts cannot be put into words.

In a general way each family of birds seems to know what other families it can boss about. But there are some puzzling exceptions to this rule. The matter of preced-



EVENING GROSBEAKS AT THEIR WINDOW RESTAURANT

ence is often an individual matter. One member of a subjugated family may spruce up and become a veritable swashbuckler, refusing to play second fiddle to anybody. Frequently it requires a real clinch to prove which is in control. These differences in the behavior in birds makes it necessary for the bird restaurateur to make it possible for the shy and the bold, the strong and the weak, the large and the small to be served. There are many ingenious ways in which this can be done so that all may be fed.

With the departure of our summer birds for the south, during the autumn, there come our winter birds which have been summering up north, possibly as far north as Hudson Bay. So, a bird restaurateur may with truthfulness hang out his sign. "We never close. Open all the year round!" A few of the boarders may be present throughout the summer, some during the winter, and some will be in evidence the year round. And what pleasant company are the birds! How lonesome the world would be without them! Without them a landscape scarcely seems alive! During their mating season they make the world eloquent with their love songs; and all the year more blithesome and beautiful by their presence.

When the world is wrapped in snow, what a delight, in the deep hush of the phantom-like forest, to hear the modest chirp of the friendly chickadee or to see amid the snow-covered branches the brilliant flash of the blue jay's wing.

And at last, at last! when the lagging, hesitant spring comes back to the land of the lingering snow, who can find words to express the emotion awakened by the notes of the very first courier announcing the coming of the robin and bluebird families? For then in fond anticipation we see the glad, golden summer and are thrilled with the realization that "the winter is passed, the rain and snow are over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land."

In the Bird Sanctuary

I

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

IT is the twenty-fifth day of May. The weather is sunny and warm, the days increasingly long. There is much of importance going on in our little bird sanctuary, for the birds are very busy these days, singing, courting, nest-building, incubating, foraging. There is considerable bird rivalry also, as the birds strive for mates and the best nesting-places.

The bird sanctuary! What sort of a place is it, what is it like? First of all, it is a natural bird sanctuary and has many trees, bushes, vines, wild flowers and other plants growing about it. Here nature has had things pretty much her own way with little interference on our part. Hence there are tangles and thickets and much tall vegetation. What wonders nature works when she is given a free hand! To us the sanctuary looks familiar, cheerful, and inviting; to our friends it may look wild, woolly, and untidy; and to the birds, judging from their numbers and happiness, it looks natural and home-like, a place where they are free to live their lives in their own way. Little wonder they come in increasing numbers.

There are about two acres of ground in the sanctuary, the main part of which is located on the north slope of a wooded hill. Here and there are located rustic bird-boxes, two bird-baths, a martin house, a pool, and, in winter, one or two food trays. In it not only birds but gray squirrels, cottontail rabbits, white-footed mice, flying squirrels and other creatures who make their home here throughout the year.

The brown thrasher has been singing with great abandon about the place for nearly a month, though I have not yet located a nest this season. Can it be that

these birds are nesting in some large brush piles in my neighbor's pasture a short distance to the north, or in some hidden bush or thicket I have not yet inspected? Or, are they not yet ready to settle down to household cares? About an hour ago I stood near the bird-baths and pool, when one of these birds came for a drink and a bath. How it did look me over, as much as to say: "Well, now, that's not a post! If it is, it's queer I never noticed it before. It must be a man, or!" She looked me over again, then at once turned and flew off, perhaps suddenly thinking, "Yes, it is a man. I think I had better get going and come again later."

Three catbirds are doing a great deal of flying about the sanctuary these days. In and out among the trees they fly, now visiting this thicket, now that, now circling or flying through the trees near the bird-baths, or flying off to the oak grove. They are everywhere, and one sees them in such widely separated places, and so often that one might be justified in concluding there are a half-dozen or more of them. However, there usually are three of them, no more, no less, to be seen in a given place, so there must be but three of them. Three! Why three? This is one of those seemingly hopeless triangles, and two of them are males. They are not very musical just now, consequently, although they mew a great deal, but after they have the affair of the lady settled, one will sing as only a catbird can, while the other will either secure another mate or leave entirely.

Are there two pairs of wrens nesting near the yard this year? I should like to know. Sometimes I see a pair about a hollow post north of the house, sometimes near a branch bird-box near the hotbed. Both cavities have been filled with twigs. Or, is there but a single pair, and are the birds preparing two nesting-places, with the idea of using the one they like the best, or one for their first brood, the other for the second? The male sits or perches for a glimpse of his mate, bubbles and gurgles continually.

There are four robins' nests in the sanctuary at the present time. The first is located in a box-elder near a brooder house I recently completed and about which I am spending considerable time caring for some chicks. The mother is getting to be quite tame, as she sees much of me, and I work near her, sometimes within a few feet of the nest. The second is located in a bur oak west of the house. This nest holds young robins, and the parents are kept busy feeding them and waging war upon some blue jays that visit the bird-baths daily, occasionally getting too near the bur oak to suit the robins. The third nest has just been completed on the lower branch of a bushy elm near the hen-house, while the fourth is located in a box-elder standing a rod from the west porch. A robin is singing freely about the house today, no doubt the mate to the bird nesting in the box-elder near the porch.



IN THE BIRD SANCTUARY. THE TALL OAK IN CENTER IS MUCH USED BY BALTIMORE ORIOLES WHEN NESTING

Farm Sale

MAY ALLREAD BAKER

"What'll you gimme? Now, what am I bid?"

(The auctioneer's selling "Old Barney" and "Sid"—)

"Two-hundred! Two-fifty! Lissen to facts: Three hundred's cheap for this team of matched blacks!"

"Make it three-twenty? And ten? And now, two?"

Say, ask the owner here, what they can do! Steady as clockwork . . . Ten years to th' day

He bought 'em as colts. Now he's goin' away

For his health, as you know, else they wouldn't be sold—

Gentle . . . fine workers . . . and both good as gold . . .

"Three-sixty-five now? That's better! All through?"

And ten? They are sold! There—that fellow in blue!"

I turned away quickly—I can't see them go. It was hard enough selling the cattle, I know,

The sheep and the hogs, I was proud of my stuff—

But Barney and Sid! Man, oh man, it is tough!

Many's the furrow they've plowed through the years.

So patient and willing! My eyes fill with tears.

Here's hoping and praying, Old Barney and Sid,

Your new owner treats you as fine as I did.

Winter Visitors

BRUCE JENNINGS

LAST fall, since my three little pigs had already gone to market and my Jerseys are scornful of so coarse a food as corn fodder, I decided to leave my small corn patch standing. I have certain small friends who, I thought, might find food and shelter among the tattered rows during the coming months. These small friends are not accustomed to friendly gestures. Each fall a number of the males fall victim to those of my neighbors who enjoy classifying themselves as sportsmen. All summer long they are persecuted by small boys who apparently consider bloodthirstiness a symptom of manhood. Possibly they have come to regard all men as of evil intent, and for this they no doubt have been given full reason.

Nevertheless, I decided to leave my corn patch standing. And I have since been glad for the decision. In the morning, while it is yet dark, though the stars are shining brightly, as I go about my chores in the barnyard I hear rustlings and strange movements in my corn patch. There is life there, and apparently happiness and contentment, judging by the nature of the sounds that come from the corn rows, and I feel that it is perhaps good after all to have been born a man so as to do such small kindnesses.

My friends the pheasants did not visit

my corn patch until nearly Christmas, although the first snow had fallen three weeks before. Possibly they preferred to glean the fields and fence rows for grain, seeds, and berries rather than accept anything that might be considered a handout. They are shy and proud and independent, and one must not offend them by anything resembling a dole. Therefore my cornfield was left standing, as if Nature had carefully provided it for their particular benefit.

I had prepared for their coming by loosening the wire netting from the fence posts and raising it at a number of places so that they would have access to the corn patch. And I didn't want them to excitedly dash themselves against the wire, in seeking an escape, if they became frightened while feeding. They are intelligent birds and would soon find the openings I had provided.

One morning in mid-December, as I passed near the corn patch, I was startled by an unusual scurrying and the sudden whirring of wings. My visitor, a cock pheasant, as I could tell by the elaborate coloring and the long tail feathers, disappeared in a small thicket of wild plum trees on my farm.

This was the beginning of a flock that became steadily larger as the winter progressed. At first the birds were easily frightened and would leave if any unusual disturbance occurred near the corn patch. Soon they had made little trails in the snow among the corn rows and to near-by blackberry bushes that afforded them more protection. Down these paths some would scurry, while others would take to the air in sudden bursts of two or three. But soon, as they learned that they had nothing to fear, my visitors gained confidence, and they do not now flee the corn patch at my approach as if in peril of sudden death. They are naturally very timid creatures and I do not imagine that they will ever oblige by eating out of my hand. When I walk through the corn patch I occasionally see a small brown body seeking cover a few yards away and a cock will sometimes stand his ground and exchange stare for stare. Thus far this is the extent of our acquaintance. However, I believe that it may have made further progress before greening fields call my visitors away.

At the going price of corn and the going price of hogs, subjects which most farmers have difficulty in discussing with equanimity, I should judge that my flock of pheasants has subsisted at my expense to the extent of some \$4. However, as subjects for compositions they may perhaps net me, with some editor's kind co-operation, sufficient to replant my cornfield in anticipation of another winter and another visit from my feathered friends.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals announces the Hospitality Day and Tea, to be held Wednesday, April 20, from 1 to 5 P. M., at 180 Longwood Ave.



The Woodchuck

WE wonder how many of our readers know that this little creature has quite an assortment of names. He is known as the groundhog, the whistle-pig, the thickwood badger, the red monk, the Canada marmot, and the Choctaw Indians called him Shukha. Much as the farmer, and often the gardener, suffer from his depredations, the dangerous burrows he makes in the field and his fondness for vegetables, for he is strictly a vegetarian, he makes, when taken young, a gentle, affectionate and interesting pet. As a weather prophet, however, his ability is only a legend.

A Good Samaritan

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*: One evening last February, as I got off the Chestnut Hill bus at Norfolk Road and Boylston Street, Brookline, Mass., I saw a white poodle with red markings lying on the pavement at the curb. It had been seriously injured in the head, but seemed to be conscious and not in great pain. It was without a collar though there were the markings of one about the neck. As my friend and I were looking at it, a young man stopped and offered to go to a house near by and telephone to the Angell Animal Hospital. Before he had returned a police car with three officers drove up and stopped. One thought the dog should be shot, but I said that I thought not. The officers broadcast the facts, then they decided to take the dog to the Hospital. On inquiring there the next day I learned that the owner of the dog had come and had arranged for its care, also that the dog would recover.

A week or so later, as I was walking in the neighborhood of Norfolk Road, I saw a white poodle coming towards me. It looked very strange and appeared to have but one ear (a red one), but as it came nearer I found that its other ear was in a firm and neat bandage. It was the same little dog and it seemed well and happy. Other little dogs were sniffing at its bandages.

MRS. GERTRUDE L. B. ALLEN

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced by us.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1938

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered. EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 300 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Horses and Mules on Farms

FARMERS are still working over 14,000,000 horses and mules, and have around 16,000,000 head on farms. Their views are evidenced by the fact that breeding of horses and mules has increased steadily for the past five years, and is still increasing; figures for January 1, 1938, will be available in the near future.

Increased use of horses, mules and men in farm work will benefit everyone.

Every horse or mule displaced throws four acres, on the average, into the production of more grains or meat animals; and every man displaced in farm work—whether it be the farmer's son or a hired man,—adds one more man, and sometimes the family, to the ranks of those on relief or on W. P. A. in cities.

Many a farmer realizes now the grim prediction, "If you will not pay men to work on your farms, you will have to pay taxes to let them loaf in cities."

Why Does England Tolerate It?

It would be as unjust to lay the blame for the cruelties connected with the Great National Steeplechase at Aintree upon the English people as a nation as for the English people to charge the American people with the atrocities connected with the lynchings that occur over here and our appalling kidnapper crimes. At the same time one can't help wondering why public opinion in England has not effectively protested against the perilous hazards to which the horses, to say nothing of the riders, are subjected in that long and dangerous race when both horse and rider travel with death at their heels. We know experienced horsemen in this country who cannot bring themselves to witness the race even when reproduced on the screen, so terrifying are the risks taken. England has taught us so many things in the way of animal protection that we say what we have with no little hesitation and realizing that those whose houses are largely provided with glass windows would better not begin throwing stones.

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Boston.

The Stray Cat

THE claim of sportsmen in Wisconsin that there are 50,000,000 stray cats in the United States is, who shall say, how many right or wrong? A strenuous effort is being made in that state to secure legislation which would permit anyone to shoot any cat found 1,000 feet away from any building. The bird hunter would be glad to lay all the blame for the lack of game birds to the cat, but how about the hunter? Who knows how many he kills? Well does Mr. Dethloff of the Wisconsin Humane Society say:

"If you are going to permit everyone to shoot any stray cats he sees, you will cause unspeakable suffering among these unfortunate animals. Boys and poor shots are going to start cat hunts. Cats badly wounded will be left to die. Others will escape with their bodies spattered with shot and will live in agony. Furthermore, you will leave the door open to the shooting of house pets and farmers' valuable cats."

The Dogs of Tucson

Under this heading the *Arizona Daily Star*, in a leading editorial, comes to the defense of the city's dogs. Because these are dogs whose barking at night disturbs some of the citizens a general plea is made by those who have no love for a dog that all such dogs be at once destroyed. Of course there are dogs that bark at night and they are exceedingly annoying, but their owners, rather than the dogs, should bear the blame. No real lover of his dog will allow him to become a public nuisance, roaming at will during the hours of the night. Every dog owner who really loves his dog will guard against giving occasion for enemies of the dog to defame him. The man who keeps a dog just as a watchman and leaves him out at night to disturb the neighborhood should be dealt with by the civic authorities as wholly responsible instead of the dog.

An Excellent Thing to Do

The Franklin County S. P. C. A., with headquarters at Malone, New York, has made arrangements with the commander of Troop "B" of the New York State Troopers whereby "anyone who has a serious and honest complaint of cruelty to animals, large or small, with or without money value, whether it is cruelty by violence or neglect, may send the complaint to Commander Captain Broadfield and a trooper will be sent at once to make an investigation. The complaint may be made by telephone, by mail or in person." Where such an arrangement can be made by any humane society with the State Troopers, it would seem to be an excellent idea. Here in Massachusetts we find the State Troopers gladly and heartily co-operate with us.

Kindness is irresistible, be it but sincere and no mock smile or mask assumed. For what can the most unconscionable of men do to thee if thou persist in being kindly to him.

MARCUS AURELIUS
Rome, 121 to 180, A. D.

Docking in England

A BILL has been introduced into the British Parliament by Lord Merthyr to prevent the docking and nicking of horses, and on February 1 was down for a second reading. The Bill also provides a maximum penalty of three months' imprisonment and a fine of £25 for the infringement of the law. It also prevents the importation into the United Kingdom of horses with docked or nicked tails. In speaking of this, the *Animal World*, magazine of the Royal S. P. C. A., quotes the late Captain M. H. Hayes, celebrated veterinary surgeon, relative to docking, which is an amputation of a part of a horse's tail, as "a relic of the barbarous past and is practised only by persons who are entirely subservient to fashion." "It is a custom," the magazine continues to say, "which should have disappeared with bear-baiting and prize-fighting."

In Memoriam: "Queen," a Mule

The *Indianapolis Star* of January 24 last devotes an entire half-page to the memory of one of the city's sincerely loved and most faithful workers. "Queen" was 41 years old, having long passed what for her kind would be the usual limit of age. She had been with the Polar Ice Company since 1897. Her stable mates, and 37-year-old "Belle," so the company's employees say, "made their grief audible. For two days their whimpering and crying—uncannily like human beings—was heartrending." Every employee of the Polar Ice Company, the number running into hundreds, signed the memorial tribute printed in the *Star*.

A Real Society

We doubt if any humane society in the country with the same means at its command can show a finer record than the Society of Bangor, Maine. Here are just a few of the things done:

Investigations made, 1,431
Dogs taken to shelter, 314
Dogs placed in homes, 173
Unwanted and sick cats, humanely destroyed, 1,137

The report of humane education work included 1,344 pieces of literature distributed.

The Dogs of Michigan Again

We have just received a letter from Mrs. C. M. Kindel, president of the Michigan Federation of Humane Societies, relative to the editorial in the March issue of *Our Dumb Animals* concerning what was spoken of as the "general slaughter of dogs in Michigan." Mrs. Kindel tells us that the article in the *Port Huron Free Press* from which we quoted was a wildly exaggerated statement of merely half-truths. We are very glad to make this statement and to give the state of Michigan the credit it deserves for having one of the most outstanding and active state federations of humane societies in the country, and are sure that their interest in the welfare of the dog will insure his proper protection from whatever injustice his enemies may attempt to inflict upon him.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, Chairman of the Board, First Boston Corporation

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Vice-President, United Shoe Machinery Corporation

PHILIP STOCKTON, President, First National Bank of Boston

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Longwood 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer

HARRY L. ALLEN DAVID A. BOLTON

HARVEY R. FULLER HOWARD WILLARD

County Prosecuting Officers

HERMAN N. DEAN, Boston

Middlesex, Norfolk and Plymouth

FRED T. VICKERS, Lynn Eastern Essex

WILLIAM W. HASWELL, Methuen Western Essex

FRED F. HALL, Springfield

Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin

ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester

CHARLES E. BROWN, Attleboro Bristol

HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis

Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket

T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield Berkshire

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Taunton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS.

HOWARD F. WOODWARD, Pres.; MRS. THOS. H. CASWELL, Sec.

Northampton Branch of the Mass. S. P. C. A.—

MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. MAUDE WEIR, Treas.

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180

Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN

CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work

Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C.

KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second

Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S.

TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second

Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—

MR. FRANCIS KIELTY, Pres.; BRADLEY W. LEONARD, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	14,140
Cases investigated	375
Animals examined	6,506
Animals placed in homes.....	186
Lost animals restored to owners..	60
Number of prosecutions.....	2
Number of convictions.....	2
Horses taken from work.....	6
Horses humanely put to sleep....	55
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,259
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.....	53,837
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely	
put to sleep.....	62

Terms of yearly or permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, insuring suitable marker inscribed with donor's name, will be given upon application.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief of Staff

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	804	Cases	2,437
Dogs	591	Dogs	2,025
Cats	201	Cats	365
Birds	5	Birds	24
Horses	3	Horses	16
Goats	2	Goats	6
Chimpanzee	1	Guinea Pig	1
Pig	1		
Operations	819		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar.			
1, 1915		158,131	
Dispensary cases		390,347	
Total		548,478	

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	129
Cases entered in Dispensary	537
Operations	160

Miss Guyol in Florida

Miss Louise H. Guyol, a talented lecturer and writer, who was for many years engaged in humane education work in New Orleans and Boston, is representing the American Humane Education Society in Florida this season. She has already given lectures on animals to very appreciative audiences in Boynton High school and the public school of Palm Beach. At the latter school she spoke four times. The children in the elementary grades took the pledge of the Band of Mercy at the close of her inspiring talks. She was asked to return to the school for another lecture during Be Kind to Animals Week. She is planning to speak at a gathering of Negro teachers, at the Civic Club of Palm Beach, and before several other organizations before the season closes.

Last Call for Lecture

Subject: "Friends I've Met in Fur and Feathers."

Illustrations: Films and slides.

Lecturer: Thornton W. Burgess.

Place: Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

Time: Humane Sunday, April 24, at 3:30 P.M. (Doors opened at 2, closed when hall is filled).

Auspices: Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Admission: Free to all. Children especially invited.

Medal Given to Dog

QUITE often the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has occasion to give its medal to a human being for rescuing a dog, but seldom is the process reversed and the medal presented to the dog for saving human life. Recently such a medal was given to "Flornell Jemima," an Airedale terrier owned by Mr. and Mrs. William Reade Hersey of South Harwich, Cape Cod. The presentation was made by the Society's officer, Harold G. Andrews of Hyannis. This is the story:

On the evening of the sixteenth of last November, Jemima startled her family by a deep, ominous cry and urgent demands to be let out. Bounding from the opened



"JEMIMA"

door, she leaped through an opening in the hedge to the field beyond, while sending up a series of cries. Returning, she urged her master to follow, which he did. She ran to a point in the field where she came to a stand and raised her voice louder and more significantly than ever. Only then did her master hear another sound. From the sea came the far-off voice of a man in distress, followed by a brief flare of light and repeated cries.

Due to Jemima's hearing from within the house these cries, her inexplicable intuitions that somewhere out there was a human in distress and her insistent demand for energetic action, was the rescue of Philip Mitchell, whose boat, earless and with the motor gone dead, was foundering in an off-shore wind in the dangerous currents of Nantucket Sound. He had torn up his shirt and used his last match in making a flare, but at that season the shore was deserted, nor were his cries heard except by Jemima.

Even as she heard her master telephone the police, Jemima's excitement ceased and later as she watched, with many onlookers, the lights of a speedboat effecting Mitchell's rescue, she showed only a dignified detachment. At the necessary moment she had instantly done her part. But to her it was all in the day's work, and she refused to be interviewed.

A prominent humane education worker in one of our largest cities writes about *Our Dumb Animals*:

"I would not feel satisfied if I did not add a word of praise for your very fine magazine, which means so much to me—a great help. I look for it eagerly each month. I can't find words to tell you the help I have derived from it."



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, Chairman of the Board, First Boston Corporation

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Vice-President, United Shoe Machinery Corporation

PHILIP STOCKTON, President, First National Bank of Boston

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff.....Australia
Luis Parcia Cornejo.....Ecuador
Charles A. Williams.....France
Leonard T. Hawksley.....Italy
S. C. Batra.....India
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobe.....Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton.....Madeira
Dr. A. T. Ishkanian.....Mexico
Joaquin Julia.....Spain
Mrs. Alice W. Manning.....Turkey

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR FEBRUARY, 1938

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 568
Number of addresses made, 391
Number of persons in audiences, 45,513

Fund for Retired Workers

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

In the Tennessee Mountains

MRS. J. D. BURTON

THE Sixth District of the Tennessee Congress of Parents and Teachers, of which the writer is president, comprises seven counties and is fostering humane education in remote communities. There are four hundred public schools, many of the one-teacher type. One county has fifty one-teacher schools.

For the past five years special attention has been directed to the small rural schools with the purpose of bringing them into contact with the Parent-Teacher movement. It is an effort to bring to every child in the mountain communities the highest advantages in physical, mental, moral and religious training. Equal opportunities are sought for all children in order that they may have a fair start in life.

Morgan County has an association in every one of its twenty-six schools, the first in the state and nation to reach this goal.

Many of these mountain teachers take an interest in the welfare of their more unfortunate students and help to care for their needs out of their own slender salaries. They are unknown to fame, but deserve the gratitude of the country for their untiring efforts in behalf of children. Such teachers are the real hope of their communities.

These teachers in remote and isolated mountain communities labor under difficulties. They have too many classes and children of all ages and grades. Often the buildings are poorly constructed and badly kept. The children often come from homes with uneducated parents. Many have few or no text-books. Parent-Teacher Associations are coming to the assistance of these schools and communities, and are putting to work men and women in the most isolated and neglected places. The district president serves without salary, and is visiting local communities, cultivating friendship and confidence of parents and teachers, and organizing local units.

It is through these groups that humane education is being introduced into mountain communities. Children are taught kindness and good will. The participation of minors in degrading types of amusement in which cruelty is practised upon dumb and helpless creatures is strongly opposed. This leadership is co-operating in maintaining an honest, wholesome Christian social order. Parents are urged to establish early in the child's life desirable attitudes and habits in order that the school may continue to build for effective citizenship.

Church leadership is fostering community Sunday schools, daily vacation Bible schools and week-day Bible lessons at many places in the mountains. The church is regarded as a character building force and it is felt that children should have the privilege of its spiritual guidance and protection. It is believed that spiritual values are the main-spring of all teaching.

March Militaire

ARTHUR G. MINSHALL

Those blaring tunes that urged them on,
Some fancied honor to maintain,
Were silent when but few returned;
The Dead March seemed a fitter strain.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for January — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	55.3	\$ 50.85
Forage for same		42 8.19
Put to sleep	42	5.56
Transportation		
Daily average dogs	7	
Forage for same		3.74
Wages, grooms, watchmen and stable-boys		62.88
Superintendent's salary		84.98
Veterinaries' salaries		15.29
Motor ambulance upkeep		11.93
Motor bicycles upkeep		1.56
Sundries		38.59
Actual operating expenses		\$32.57

Entries: 13 horses, 11 mules, 90 donkeys.
Exits: 5 horses, 9 mules, 61 donkeys.
Out-patients treated: 97 horses, 67 mules, 177 donkeys.
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all Native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 382 cases investigated, 4,840 animals seen, 596 animals treated, 50 animals transferred to Fondouk Americain, 30 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 15 animals transported in motor ambulance.

One of the 31 Days' Work

THURSDAY, 20th: 7 A.M. Fondouk. Usual work. Dr. Larrouy, Municipal Vet. sent 1 donkey to Hospital, to be treated as Out-patient. Police Bab Guissa sent 1 donkey, 9.30 A.M. to 11.30 A.M. Souk el Khemis and Fes Jedid-Mellah inspection. 2 P.M. Fondouk. Then to Pound, inspecting dogs. 3 P.M. to 5 P.M. Bab Guissa inspection. Stayed 45 minutes at the gate. Many animals transporting olives and oil. Then to Bab Jiaf. Sent a lame mule to Hospital, badly injured on right hind leg. 9 P.M. to 10 P.M. inspected all horses of public carriages on Ville Nouvelle, place due Commerce, Fes Jedid and Bou Jeloud. Animals in Hospital, 64.

G. DELON, Superintendent

A Further Note Relative to the Fondouk

The Superintendent, Mr. Delon, writes, "I accompanied, yesterday afternoon, February 5, Dr. Larrouy, Municipal Veterinarian, and Dr. Bouguereau, and a French policeman entrusted with inspection of public carriages, to inspect stables in Fes Jedid. We spent about two hours inspecting Fondouk Diouane and stables at Bab Segma.

"Dr. Larrouy told me that all horses of public carriages will be numbered, as I suggested to Head of Services Municipaux, and he has asked me to be present the day all animals will be inspected. He said that he will order about fifty per cent of the present horses to be put out of service."

Christmas in Cebu

A Christmas program was given on the campus of the Compostela Elementary school, Cebu, Philippine Islands, by the Band of Mercy which had been formed by the pupils in October. There are 37 members. The special program was in three parts. The first consisted of music by various members and addresses by the president and treasurer of the Band. The second part was taken up with the distribution of gifts from the tree by a Santa Claus. The third section was devoted to a "Beco" party in one of the buildings for the teachers and members of the Band, where the serving was done by the Home Economics girls.

The Latest in Bombs

The latest war-invention is a bomb which does not explode when it strikes a building. Instead, a clock-mechanism is released at the moment of impact, and the bomb explodes only some seconds later when it has pierced far into the structure. The result is a complete demolition of the building, with everybody killed, especially those taking refuge in the cellar who are buried in the collapsing ruins. Nothing more perfectly destructive has ever been known, as witness Barcelona, where these latest bombs have appeared. What are we to think of the scientist who conceived and wrought this horror?

—Unity

Bull Calf

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*I cannot sell the little bull,
His mother loves him well,
She looks at him with eyes that say
More than words can tell.*

*I cannot load him in a truck
And send him far away,
And listen to his mother's grief
All through the night and day.*

*I know that he will grow so strong
He'll break the fences down,
And gambol in the garden,
And be a clumsy clown.*

*And get out on the highway
And shout with all his might,
And challenge every other bull
To come and have a fight.*

*But now he rests in meadow grass,
Warm and sleepy-eyed,
Full of milk and glad to be
Near his mother's side.*

*His coat is soft as wispy clouds,
His breath is sweet and good,
He looks a little like a fawn
That strayed in from the wood.*

For "Be Kind to Animals Week"

MARION BROWNFIELD

A VERY practical application of the Golden Rule, for children, is a proper celebration of "Be Kind to Animals Week." All children are interested in animals, and to treat them with consideration is an application of the Golden Rule that they can easily understand. A very good text to use as the lesson theme is from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," as follows:

*"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.*

*"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."*

The week before this Be Kind to Animals program, ask the children to notice animals and come prepared to tell something they have observed about them, such as a bird building a nest or a dog carrying a package, the idea being to call their attention to animals and win a sympathetic interest. Ask them to notice when an animal has helped a human being, and when a human being has assisted an animal. If the children cannot find some real happening to report, ask that they bring an animal story to be read to the class. Ask any who have snapshots of pets to bring them. Ask those who haven't snapshots to bring some magazine pictures of animals—of any description—the more variety the more interest!

When the day for the lesson comes have the room decorated with animal pictures. Inexpensive reproductions of Landseer's and Rosa Bonheur's animal pictures are easy to get from a picture or school supply store. Number every picture hung up and

give the children numbered papers upon which to write the name of every animal that they can identify. Award a picture to the child who writes the largest number of correct answers. While stress should be laid upon treating domestic animals kindly, a few pictures of wild animals will make this lesson more interesting for boys.

Another point to bring out in the lesson is the importance of daily care for animals, rather than spasmodic kindness. Discuss with the children whether a horse appreciates an apple or lump of sugar once a week as much as he does a drink of water every day, or a shady place to wait on a hot day. Call their attention to the need of every animal for daily food and water and a comfortable place to sleep.

If there are any Boy Scout or Camp Fire Girls ask them to tell how their organization treats animals. With older boys and girls information from the Humane Society on what to do when an animal meets with an accident on a public highway is practicable.

The teacher may read any number of inspiring animal stories. An extract from "The Dog of Flanders," by Ouida, is especially appealing in the first part where "Patrasche" (the dog) is rescued from his first cruel master. Call attention to the dog's gratitude. Other good dog stories have been written by Walter Dyer, S. A. Derieux and Albert Payson Terhune. There are good rabbit, bird and horse stories by Ernest Thompson Seton. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson have written many magazine stories of wild animals in Africa, where the lesson is friendship with the camera, instead of the cage or gun.

Calling All Calves

MARIE G. VINCENT

Wailuku, Maui, T. H.

WATCHING a young man feed a number of weaned calves on one of the large ranches in the Hawaiian Islands, I was interested to note that each calf was numbered and responded to its number when called.

The calves at feeding time were driven into a large corral adjoining a smaller pen which contained their feed troughs. The young man would call a number whereupon the calf to whom that number belonged would run to the stile leading to the feeding pen and would be permitted to pass through. They paid no attention to any number except their own, and there was no jostling about the stile as they seemed to know perfectly well that each would have to take his turn.

I asked the keeper to explain how the calves had been taught to recognize their numbers. "It must have taken much time and patience," I said.

"Some patience—yes," he replied, but not so much time as you might suppose. "You



Photo by W. Henry Boller

A PRIZE WINNER

see, I have had charge of these calves ever since they were born. They may look much alike to you but each has certain characteristics by which I can readily distinguish it from the rest of the herd. While they were still with their mothers I began making friends with them, addressing each by a certain number and at the same time giving it a lick of salt. In a short time they associated me in their minds with salt and salt with a certain number, and when a calf reaches the point where it will come to me when I call its number there is no trouble teaching it to go to its own feed trough.

"You must be fond of animals," I observed.

"Yes, I am," he admitted. "I like to see them all eat comfortably so that the stronger ones do not cheat the smaller, weaker ones out of their share of food. But it pays in dollars and cents too because they gain in weight faster and we are able to turn them out to pasture sooner."

"Remembering his number saved a young steer's life a short time ago," the young man continued. "He must have stepped in a hole and lamed himself while out some distance away from the paddock. We had about given him up for lost but, when riding about the ranch I would halloo and call his number, and one day he came stumbling toward me out of the ravine where he had been hidden, his neck outstretched, looking for his salt. I was able to get him home by coaxing him along, allowing him to rest now and then; otherwise he probably would not have made the effort to get back and would probably have died in the ravine."

The grain eaten and spoiled on the farms of the United States by rats and mice would, if saved for the market, return sufficient money to pay the tax bill of all the farmers in the country, state officials of the Department of Agriculture.

Itinerant Cats

DORIS I. BATEMAN

PEOPLE generally think of cats as being essentially house pets, not caring to roam about except within the neighboring alleys at dead of night, only to return in the morning and sleep all day on the most comfortable cushion in the house. But did you ever hear of the cats who traveled in the desert with their roving masters, the miners? The following story was told to me by an old-time miner who is still living in the Panamint Mountains which form the western boundary of Death Valley.

Many years ago when gold and silver mining was much more active than it is now, miners used to travel from one mine to another, doing a little work at each one, in order to hold their claims. Each miner owned his burro pack, however small, to transport his "grub" and his few belongings. But the real companion on the long trips between mines, was old "Tom," the cat. He was a most satisfying partner, because he always agreed to whatever was said—and never talked back. Moreover, he was a true partner in that he kept the mice and rats from molesting the flour and bacon. As an added service he would often curl up at the feet of his master, on cold nights, proving he could also be a most effective foot-warmer. His meager pay was perfectly satisfactory—a can of condensed milk. Of course, with whatever mice or rats he caught, he had no real need of other food.

Somehow Tom always knew when it was nearing time to start on the trail again. All business of catching mice was laid aside, as he sat solemnly to one side, waiting for the last burro to be strapped. Then would come the final words: "All right, pardner!" At once he would leap to the back of his favorite burro, and sprawl flat on his stomach on top of the pack. As the burro went jogging along the trail, Tom would often have to dig his claws in hard, while contentedly admiring the slowly passing scenery.

Even today one might occasionally come across one of the old-timers on the trail, with Tom, his "pardner," riding one of the burros, where he patiently listens to his master's stories, and flourishes his tail or flicks an ear, as his only comment.

Woman Saves Dog's Life

For rescuing a dog from a gas-filled apartment, Mrs. Florence M. Maltese of 84 Saratoga Street, Springfield, Mass., recently received the medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. It was presented by Officer Fred F. Hall in recognition of the kindness and quick thinking of Mrs. Maltese who was visiting in a friend's apartment when she smelled escaping gas. She immediately thought of the dog, whose mistress was away, and found the animal almost overcome by the fumes. The local Branch of the M. S. P. C. A. was called and the dog taken to the Animal Hospital where it recovered.

Mrs. Winona Ferris who, with her husband, operated a small mining property in Plumas County, California, lost her life last February in the deep snows of the high Sierra. When found, her faithful dog, who had accompanied her, was guarding the body.



AN ORIGINAL AND UNIQUE STUDY OF PUSS

A Cat Enters Heaven

ELEANOR BALDWIN

*Lo, she is at the gate;
(O cherished, small!)
For child or potentate
We would not call
On heaven for welcoming, since it were
sure;
But she, our dear,
Our sweet,
Comes with so soft a tread
You may not hear
Her mitted feet.*

*Now she is at the door;
Oh, let her in!
She has not met before
The discipline
Of those who answer slowly to her cry.
Fashioned of trust
And love,
She ever went with faith
That we, too, must
Be made thereof.*

*Curled on the window-sill
Of God's great house,
Sleepy with sun she will,
As here, arouse
To the old charm of pigeons in the street.
But give to her
A part
In the home ways she knew
And you will stir
Her gentle heart.*

*Bend down to her and praise
Her snowy vest;
Yet if she runs and plays,
We think it best
You do not tell, lest it should still her joy,
How, dull-eyed, we
Ignore,
Yellow against the rug,
The ball which she
Retrieves no more.*

Kindness to Stray Animals

LOIS M. MARMON

ONE morning a kind-hearted woman opened her kitchen door to find a shaggy, ill-kempt dog sitting huddled on the door-step. He shivered in the cold wind and looked up at her with hungry eyes. Mrs. Smith, herself a devoted friend to animals, immediately turned back into the kitchen and prepared a pan of food and another of warm milk and, calling the dog, took them to the garage where he could eat his breakfast protected from the raw wind.

Mrs. Smith had noticed that the dog did not wear a collar and so felt certain he was without a home or owner. She hated to see the dog sent to the pound for lack of a license and yet she felt she could not keep him for she already had a dog of her own. Besides, a home on a busy street in a city is not the ideal place to keep a big shepherd collie.

"He ought to be on a farm where there is plenty of room to run," Mrs. Smith said to herself, realizing that there might be several farmers in that vicinity who would be only too glad to give the dog a home—if they knew about him. Suddenly, the idea came to Mrs. Smith to place a small ad in the local paper asking for a good home for the stray dog.

However, she waited a day to see if the dog would remain with her and if anyone might call to claim him. The dog was only too glad to remain and showed how grateful he was for his warm home and the good meals by the expression in his eyes and the friendly wag of his tail. After two days had passed and she had not been able to learn of an owner, she placed her ad in the newspaper. For a small sum she found the paper would print her request in two different editions; but before the second paper appeared people began to call at her home to ask for the dog. Among the various applicants Mrs. Smith chose to give him to a kind-looking farmer with a family of boys and girls. The big dog seemed to take an immediate liking to the man and to his little girl who accompanied him. Seeing this, Mrs. Smith felt the transaction would be a good one—the dog would get a good home and the farmer a good dog.

Several weeks later this kind lady had the opportunity of visiting at the farm to see how dog and master were getting along. What she saw more than repaid her for the effort on her part in securing the home. The dog's coat was no longer rough, his brown eyes had lost their hunted look and his lean body was beginning to show the result of "good keep." Too, the farmer praised the dog, his quickness in learning to bring the cows from the pasture and in keeping the chickens out of the yard and garden. The three boys and two girls and the dog had formed a mutual admiration society!

Mrs. Smith's kindness to this stray animal is but an example of helping "one of the least of these." With just a little effort on the part of men, women, boys and girls, everywhere, many of the stray animals who come to our doors, asking only for the right to live and the bit of shelter and food necessary for life, could be provided with good homes where they could spend their days contentedly, many of them very useful to their master and mistress.

New Zealand's "Boundary Dogs"

L. E. EUBANKS

SEPARATED from one another by miles of broken tussock country, the sheep stations of New Zealand are very often miniature worlds of their own, possessing many peculiarities.

Perhaps the oddest thing about the sheep station is the boundary dog—still used on many remote estates, fulfilling his lonely destiny. As his name implies, this dog's duty is to guard inaccessible and unfenced farm frontiers. Despite the fact that the New Zealand sheep-farmers are the plutocrats of the pastoral world, they often find it impossible to fence off every mile of their immense holdings. A carefully trained dog is therefore tethered at each gap, and left as a warning to adventurous sheep on either side of the boundary who might be disposed to trespass.

New Zealand has a law that forbids farmers to leave these dogs unattended for longer than twenty-four hours at a time, but it is said on good authority that dogs are often left by themselves for as long as a week. Indeed, weather conditions preclude any relief being sent the animals.

It can be taken for granted, however, that the average New Zealand farmer, a kindly, intelligent man, does not wilfully neglect his faithful servants. The boundary dog is provided with a substantial kennel, a trough of water, and plenty of raw meat. Sometimes an entire sheep is left as food for the four-footed guard.

Many stories are told of these dogs' intelligence and reliability when faced with an emergency. Snow-storms have isolated them for many days, but the animals have kept themselves alive by digging the snow away from their kennels.

In one instance a dog was found surrounded by huddled sheep; he had saved their lives by clearing a space for them in the snow around his shelter. Once an owner found his dog entertaining a stag and a wild boar, with whom the canine seemed to be on the best of terms. Apparently his kennel was a sort of social headquarters for his neighbors of the wilds.

Boundary dogs recruited from the station "mob" are usually half-kelpies, huntaways, collies, or old English sheep dogs. Until they get to know you they will bark, snarl and howl if you venture near them. A very friendly and good-tempered dog would be of less value to the farmer; and there are strict rules against petting the solitary creatures—not that the average wayfarer is often disposed to make the attempt.

Unquestionably, the boundary dogs have an exceedingly hard time; but the farmers advance the argument that the dogs have never known any other kind of life and should therefore be well contented. The various animal-protection societies in New Zealand have frequently tried to do something about the situation, insisting that cruelty and neglect are very common on the farms. So far, the societies have failed.

In making your will, please remember the American Humane Education Society of Boston, the first of its kind in the world.

Dog Goes for First Aid

MOSELLE MARTIN

LAST winter while on a big sheep ranch in Central Oregon I learned some of the reasons why the shepherd is so attached to his dog.

In the midst of our coldest weather, snow blanketing the earth and the thermometer falling at night to many degrees below zero, Carl Downs, a shepherd living alone with his dog in a herder's shack on a distant part of the ranch had, for that day, been using a team of horses.

As the early winter night closed in he drove to the shack, dropped the reins from his cold-stiffened hands, and started to climb down from the wagon to unhitch. As he put one foot over the wheel a covey of birds suddenly rose in front of the horses. In the half light the team failed to recognize the source of the disturbance, became frightened, plunged and dashed away. Carl was thrown forward and severely hurt. After a few minutes self-examination he knew the bitter truth—a broken leg. Fumbling in his pocket he found a short piece of pencil and an old letter. By the fading light he wrote a few words, "help-accident-alone-suffering greatly." He stuffed this note into his leather glove and tied it securely. Then, calling his dog, he tied this glove to the dog's neck, slapped him and pointing to the road bade him "go." The dog stood bewildered as he was not accustomed to leaving his master, but a repetition of the command made it clear, and looking longingly at his wounded master, he plunged away into the gathering darkness.



HUMBLE BUT HABITABLE

We never knew at just what time he reached headquarters, but when the commissary clerk came down about seven o'clock next morning to "open up" he found the half-frozen dog crouched against the door. At the sight of the clerk he rose stiffly and moaned piteously. At once the message was found and in a very few minutes the ranch superintendent was urging his car full speed ahead towards the wounded man.

After seeing his dog "go," Carl had painfully dragged himself into the shack and managed at last to get under covers of the bed where he lay cold, hungry and suffering, while his messenger fought the snowy night to get aid. Without this intelligent dog his hours of suffering, no doubt, would have lengthened into days.

John Wesley and Animals

IN connection with the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Methodism, it is interesting to recall some of the outspoken words of John Wesley on war and on animals.

"All our declamations on the strength of human reason and the eminence of our virtues," he said, "are no more than the cant and jargon of pride and ignorance, so long as there is such a thing as war in the world."

Of the wonders of animal life he speaks eloquently: "If we turn our eyes to the minutest parts of animal life we shall be lost in astonishment . . . Proofs of a wise, a good and powerful being, are indeed deducible from everything around us, but the extremely great and the extremely small seem to furnish us with those that are most convincing. . . . Even the actions of animals are an eloquent and a pathetic language. Those that want the help of man have a thousand engaging ways which, like the voice of God, speaking to the heart, command him to preserve and cherish them."

Of man's conduct to animals, he says, in his sermon on "The General Deliverance":

"He pursues them over the wildest plains, and through the thickest forests. He overtakes them out in the depths of the sea. Nor are the mild and friendly creatures who still own his sway and are dutiful to his commands secured thereby from more than brutal violence, from outrage and abuse of various kinds. . . . What returns for their long and faithful service do many of these poor creatures find? And what a dreadful difference is there between what they suffer from their fellow-brutes and what they suffer from the tyrant, man! . . . While 'the whole creation groaneth together' (whether men attend or not), their groans are not dispersed in idle air, but enter into the ears of Him that made them."

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and three new Bands of Mercy were reported during February. Of these, there were 166 in Georgia, 162 in Illinois, 96 in Massachusetts, 69 in South Carolina, 25 in Pennsylvania, 24 each in Florida and Virginia, 22 in the Philippine Islands, six in Tennessee, three each in Lebanon and Wisconsin, two in Maine and one in Michigan.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 229,187.

Band of Mercy Paper

THE famous *Atlanta Constitution* had better look to its laurels for here comes from that Southern metropolis an "esteemed contemporary" in the form of the *Band of Mercy News*, an attractive paper neatly multigraphed and edited by pupils of High Four Peeples Street school, of which Mrs. Sarah P. Todd is the teacher. The pages are filled with interesting news items, anecdotes and drawing, all relating to animals. A special feature is the story of "Wags," a dog which wandered into the school and was promptly adopted by the pupils, and last Christmas had his picture in the *Constitution*.



"CHIKUITA QUITO" (PEKINESE) AND "JERRY FRANCIS" (MONKEY), PETS OF MISS JUNE PENNEY, SCHOOL TEACHER, BANGOR, MAINE. JERRY HAS BEEN A FREQUENT PATIENT AT THE ANGELL HOSPITAL

Winging Home

MINA M. TITUS

Each spring I watch the northward trek
Through miles of unmapped space,
Of migratory feathered folks
In age-old urge of race.
From tropics and wide waters crossed
In steady, non-stop flight
On tireless wings they wheel along
Through dark, uncharted night
True to a course unknown to man,
Like needle to the pole,
Impelled by instinct strong as life
Old breeding grounds their goal.
North to the homeland there to nest
In haunts their forebears knew
Wee humming-bird and Arctic tern,
Wild goose, wren and curlew.
When springtime air is warm and sweet
The hearts in wild breasts yearn
And answering Nature's mating call
Wings ever northward turn.

O, let the north a refuge be—
A welcome journey's end—
Nor BB shot nor rifle wound
Shall harm one feathered friend.

Pets and Sickness

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

Anent "Pets and Disease" editorial in February issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, perhaps the story of "Malty" is worth telling. In Binghamton, N. Y., years ago a six-year-old girl lay desperately ill with typhoid. She had bantams, rabbits, canaries, but her favorite was a large Maltese cat. In the height of the fever she cried so much for Malty that the doctor said it might be better for her to have the pet, so it was brought in and placed in the bed where it remained day after day for hours at a time. Now, believe it or not, the child's excitement immediately waned, the fever dropped and very soon she was on the road to health. But as she improved, Malty grew sick, showed similar symptoms and was given the same treatment as her little mistress. Presently the cat, too, got well. The family and even the physician believed the cat had caught the disease from the child and that its presence had contributed largely to her recovery. No one else, including a younger brother, was infected. The tale is true for it happened to the writer.

CURTIS WAGER-SMITH

Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.

Of outstanding interest at the recent annual meeting of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. was the report on humane education, carried on in schools—public, private and parochial, Parent-Teacher Associations, daily vacation Bible schools, missions and clubs. In the summer Miss Murray spoke in 26 churches and Mrs. Hoge in 46 churches. The total number of summer addresses was 120. Miss Murray visited 70 schools, the approximate number of pupils reached being 80,000. Mrs. Hoge visited 100 schools and Girard College, reaching about 100,000. Congratulations on this splendid humane education work.



ALBINO GRAY SQUIRREL WITH PINK EYES

Band of Mercy Pet Club

TO belong to the Band of Mercy Pet club of the Stony Point school, Dist. 25, Dixon, Illinois, a pupil must own and care for a pet in addition to taking the pledge of kindness. Here is what Jo Anne Risley, eight-year-old president of this unique Band, writes about it:

The fact that we have a Pet Club in the primary room is because we are interested in pets, and want to learn more about how to take care of them. The club was organized in the fall. We secured booklets from the American Humane Education Society and subscribed to *Our Dumb Animals*. The object of the club is to prevent cruelty to animals and to educate ourselves to be kind and good to all.

We meet once a month, on the first Wednesday, at 8:30 A. M. An interesting program is prepared and any story of interest that has happened during the month is discussed. The member doing a kind deed for a dumb animal is allowed to wear the gold star for a certain length of time.

In nice weather the pets are allowed to visit school once a month. At this time they are checked for appearance and growth. Different kinds of pets and their care are studied, pictures are pinned on the bulletin board. Any notice of unkindness to animals is reported. We believe that belonging to the Band of Mercy Pet Club has enriched our characters and taught us the value of kindness to helpless creatures. Some of our slogans are: We never lose by doing a kind act; Cease to be cruel; Try to be kind; Make the world happier because you have lived in it; All life is sacred.

We are all interested and hope always to remember and benefit by the lessons of kindness we have learned through our Club.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Forest Fairies

DORIS M. BALTES

*Where I stand within a wood
Little fairy feet have stood;
Dainty tracks that here have led
Only elfin feet could tread.*

*From the thicket now I see
Fairy faces peek at me—
Fairies wearing fur disguise,
Watching me in shy surprise.*

*Scampering shadows in the trees
Flirt with me, and trip and tease.
One frisking tail there seems to say,
"Watch me, I'm a clever fay."*

*Frightened fairies skirmish by,
Though I coax them to come nigh;
Don't they know in their alarm
I'd not do a fairy harm?*

*But one daring fellow there
Ventures close with cautious air,
Nibbles at the nut I hold,
And all the fairies grow more bold.*

*Now in all the forest land
Not a fairy fears my hand;
Every little elf depends
On the hand that would make friends.*

The Family Pet

Yes! He's a Real Rabbit!

MARY D. STEWART

FLOPSY, by name, is a house pet owned by Jeanette and Warren Colley, Chicago, Illinois. Flopsy was brought to them as a little fur ball, in the coat pocket of their father, nine years ago. Instead of laying his ears back over his head, one goes forward and one backward. That is the way he came by his name. He weighs five pounds and has never been picked up by the ears, that being a faulty practice and harmful to the rabbit.

Flopsy's daily food is, at least, a dish of milk (he has never drunk any water), one raw potato and a large handful of dry oatmeal. He likes any kind of fruit or vegetables; candy or jell, and wild greens. He, like most rabbits, cannot make any noise, unless he gets cold or hungry and then he pounds his dish or the side of the wall with his hind feet. He can be given any amount of food because he never eats any more than he should. He has the bad habit, however, of chewing anything that looks good, and has gone so far as to chew the electric light cord and cut the electric current. He is not afraid of anything, even a dog. He kisses, as does a dog, by licking the hand. He is quite an aristocrat in that he has posed for art students; has been loaned to kindergarten teachers as their Easter Bunny; and has his private electric heater on the en-



He enjoys, much more, the laps of his fellow passengers. It pays to be kind to animals.

closed back porch, where he lives, to keep him warm in winter. He is allowed in the parlor when he can be watched. In fact, he quite enjoyed the process of having his picture taken and, immediately afterward, began to clean his fur in the usual manner, as he has never had a bath. He has traveled some 3,000 miles on summer vacations; but does not travel in a crate.

How Many Birds?

ALFRED I. TOOKE

Can you spell the names of twenty-four birds, using only thirty-six letters? If you arrange the letters as they are in the following diagram you can do so, by starting at any letter you like and moving one square at a time. In fact, there might be more than twenty-four birds, but that is the least number with which you should be satisfied.

1	2	3	4	5	6
C	U	C	A	E	P
7	8	9	10	11	12
D	O	K	T	C	O
13	14	15	16	17	18
N	O	O	U	R	W
19	20	21	22	23	24
L	R	T	A	E	L
25	26	27	28	29	30
A	E	V	N	A	G
31	32	33	34	35	36
D	O	H	E	R	K

Answers to "Hidden Birds and Animals" puzzle last month:
1. Eagle, beaver. 2. Cardinal, rat. 3. Heron, marmot. 4. Wren, horse. 5. Baboon, caribou. 6. Bison, owl. 7. Otter, emu. 8. Lark, pig.

Our Musical Friend – the Frog

ALETHA M. BONNER

PAGES of music biography have nothing to say of the *meistersingers* of the marshes—the chorusing frogs—yet it seems that these small, but buoyant-voiced, heralds of spring should be given at least an honorable-mention line in Nature's Musical Who's Who, because of their vocal attainments.

Children have ever held the members of the frog family in high esteem. Nursery rhymes and nonsense songs, as "A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go," with its lilting "roly-poly, gammon and spinach" refrain; also the gay "Mister Frog Went a-Courtin'"—another tuneful tale of romantic trend—these and others may have had something to do with creating a feeling of friendliness for the frog.

Playing the role of a Romeo, however, is not entirely responsible for such a feeling of respect and admiration, as is centered about the frog, but it is the whole-hearted use of his vocal talent. One does not have to beg or coax young master frog to sing a solo, or to take part in a booming chorus of croaks. Certainly not—he knows he can sing, he enjoys it, therefore he does his best.

The life story of our pop-eyed friend of field and stream, from the egg-hatched tadpole stage to stalwart froghood, is a history of intriguing interest, but one too well-known to repeat at this time. Suffice it to say, however, that such development from the long-tailed "Tad" to the tailless "amphibian" covers a period of many months—in the case of common bullfrogs complete growth is not attained until their second summer. Yet in the case of the green-frog, the tadpole metamorphosis is finished in a single season.

Particular mention is made of these two members of the large frog family, because of their being so widely distributed throughout North America. The voice of the one is loudly sonorous; of the other, lesser in volume, yet several of the green-frogs singing at once can produce a good chorus.

Other representative cousins are the "spring-peeper," whose shrill piping melody is heard in southern Canada, south to the Carolinas and Louisiana; and the beautifully-colored red-legged frogs which make their homes in California northward to Vancouver and whose mature voice is a guttural croak, though the frog children of this family sing in high-pitched squeaks.

All frogs are exceedingly wary of human beings, but it is well worth the effort of a music lover to creep cautiously into a seat in Nature's great outdoor amphitheater, and there listen to a frog concert. If one can see the singers, so much the better—for it is quite a spectacle to watch a big bass croaker puffing out his throat as he utters a staccato note, which he repeats again and again, his throat expanding for each musical effort.

Technically speaking, the vocal organs by which these croakings are produced differ somewhat in various species. Certain bass singers possess "bladder-like cheek pouches," or vocal sacs which are distended with air when in the act of singing. Another type has no external sacs, but has an internal throaty mechanism which Cuvier,

the naturalist, likened to a kettle-drum.

The majority of frog concerts are community-chorus features and the song may be repeated some ten thousand times at a program sitting. The listener, in his pond-side seat, may first hear the deep-voiced basso, then the shrill-toned voices of tiny tree-toad tenors, together with myriads of altos, contraltos and sopranos. Soon the chorus will be going at full tilt. It may, at times, have a pronounced rhythm, but soon a small group will get "out of time"; however, no one is disturbed or goes "temperamental," as concert masters say. Such mass co-operation is indeed worthy of emulation, for often such unity of spirit and effort is lacking in man's world.

While the smile of the frog may not be exactly described as "winning," yet it is broad and friendly. Being so fashioned that it does not breathe in the regular inhaling manner, the frog, so to speak, "swallows the air" by taking a large gulp, then closes the mouth. One wonders if it would be comfortable to have the tongue fastened to the front of the mouth, with the tip pointing down the throat, as in the case of the frog; but to all appearances the squat little creature is perfectly satisfied. In snapping up a choice insect tidbit the tongue unfolds and darts forth from the mouth with lightning-like motion; a sticky secretion on the free-end of the tongue proves of great aid in seizing and transporting the food morsel to the back part of the mouth. Small teeth are found on the upper jaw and palate.

Some one has said that the leaping powers of the average frog, in proportion to its size, would "put the best jumping records of Olympic athletes in the shade." Such muscular power formed the plot to one of Mark Twain's best stories, "The Jumping Frog"; while in the music world, George W. Chadwick, the American composer, wrote a humoresque, "The Frogs," as laugh-provoking as the Twain sketch.

Let us treat our frog friends with the kindest consideration, for they ever prove an asset to yards and gardens because of their insect-ridding program; indeed this insect-eating habit is of greatest economic value to man. Their spirit of co-operation and willingness to make the world a cheerier place is also worthy of our recognition. Such vocalistic enthusiasm is rendered all the more pleasing because of the association with the joyous advent of spring.

War Horses

ETHEL FAIRMONT

*Once when the mad world seethed with hate,
And men and horses answered the decree
To meet the invading host in foreign lands,
A transport ship of horses sank at sea.*

*Those dear, bewildered, trusting things
Who lived but to express their loyalty—
Did they not wonder where their service
failed,
That men should pay them with such
treachery?*

*Sometimes at dusk I seem to hear
Their plaintive whinnying along the
shore,
And see them charging in the frantic surf,
Homesick to touch their native soil once
more.*

Boys Receive Medals

In March Officer Charles E. Brown of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. presented a medal of the Society to Harold Riley and to Howard Shepardon of North Attleboro for rescuing a greyhound, belonging to William McDonald, from drowning. Unfortunately the dog died of pneumonia four days later. In recognition of the boys' act they, with Officer Brown, were special guests of the local Lions Club.

Remember that this is the month of Humane Sunday (April 24) and Be Kind to Animals Week (April 25-30).

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.
All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
		Children's	\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

3

,
e
,

-
e
t

e
,
e

e
l-
o
r
n
y
r.
h
e

i-
o

S
by
of
ed,
v-

of
en-
wo

TY

00
00
00

RT
ue,
180

